



No. 125

JULY

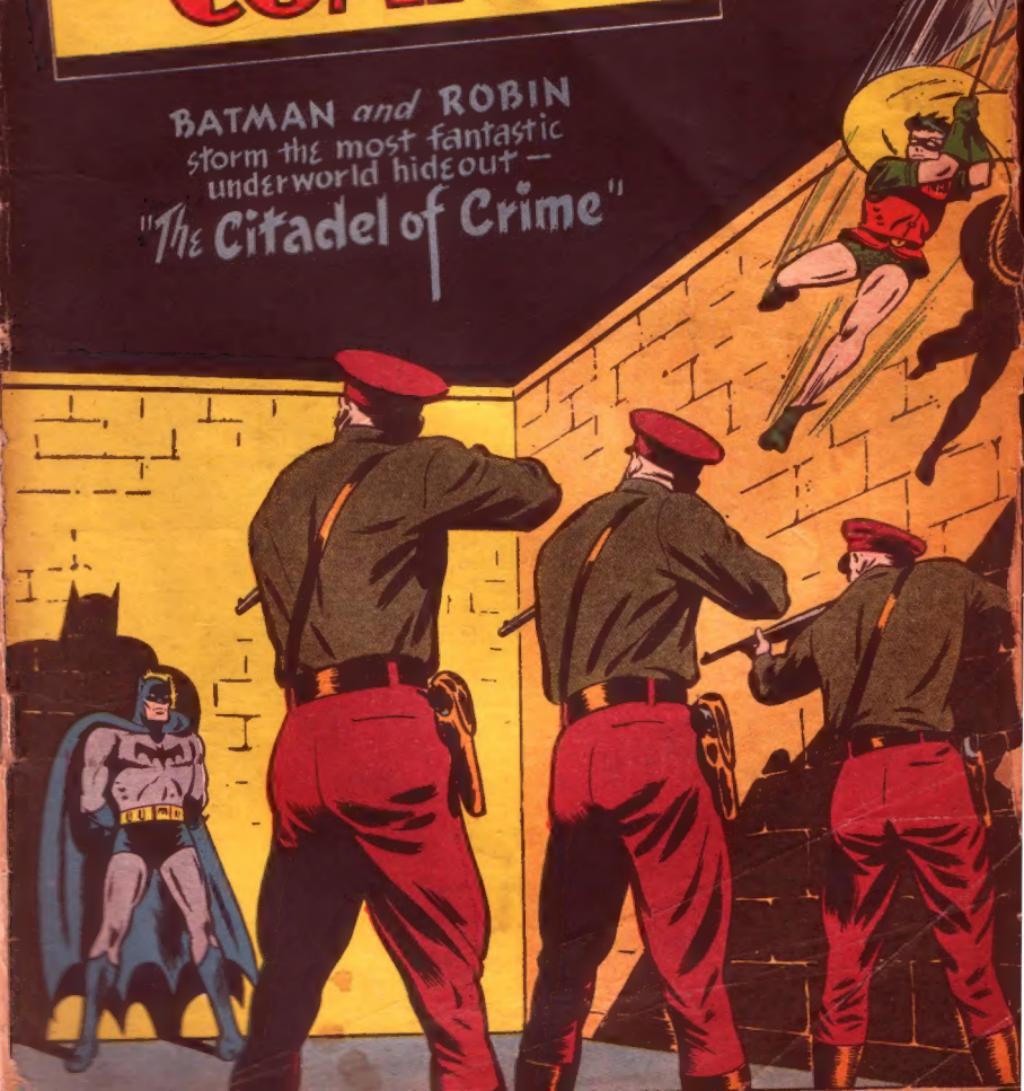
Ten Cents

A SUPERMAN  
DC PUBLICATION  
IND

# Detective COMICS

*Julia Kurt*  
RE. V. & PAT. OFF.  
A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

BATMAN and ROBIN  
storm the most fantastic  
underworld hide-out —  
"The Citadel of Crime"



Kodak

"Never miss—do you, champ?"



... we simply couldn't get along  
without you and your snaps."

The fellow who takes pictures is likely to be the man in demand with the gang. For people like to see pictures of fun and friends . . . like to be in them . . . and they give straight A's to the man behind the camera.

You'll find it so easy to take these friendly snapshots, right from the start! Just load up your camera, take aim, and "click." With Kodak Verichrome Film it's hard to miss . . . it takes the guesswork out of picture-making. You press the button—it does the rest . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



America's favorite snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film—in the familiar yellow box.



**Brownie Reflex**  
Synchro model

*In ever increasing supply.* This camera's a cinch to use. Has a hooded viewfinder that shows what you take—as you take it—actual picture size. Uses Kodak No. 127 Film . . . 12 negatives, 1 1/8" square, per roll. Synchronized, too, for flash. Camera, \$7.50, plus tax. Accessory Flashholder, \$3.45.

# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

HELP WANTED — MALE.

ONLY EX-CONVICTS NEED APPLY! FOR TOP SECRET WORK IN DESERT FACTORY! APPLICANTS MUST SIGN UP FOR THREE YEARS, NEVER ALL CONTACT WITH OUTSIDE WORLD! INFRACTIONS OF THESE RULES MEAN DEATH!

WOULD THE ABOVE AD INTRIGUE YOU? AND WOULD YOU DARE THE DANGERS IT SUGGESTS TO PENETRATE THE MYSTERY BEHIND IT? BATMAN AND ROBIN DO — AND YOU'LL GET A THRILL FOR YOUR MONEY IF YOU FOLLOW THEM INTO ...

**"The Citadel of CRIME!"**



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OUT IN THE WESTERN DESERT, A RIFLE  
CRACKS SHARPLY...

THAT GOT 'IM!

OHH-WH!



AND THE KILLERS GALLOP OFF, SATISFIED THAT THEIR FATALLY WOUNDED QUARRY WILL DIE...

MUST KEEP  
GOING... GOT  
TO WARN  
BATMAN...



HOURS LATER, HE  
CRAWLS INTO A  
SMALL TOWN ON  
THE DESERT'S  
EDGE...

SECRET  
CITY... GET  
HELP... TELL  
BATMAN...  
AHHHHH!



PRESENTLY, IN GOTHAM CITY, AN  
S.O.S. IN THE SKY SUMMONS TWO  
WORLD-FAMOUS CRIME-BUSTERS!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

...AND THE MURDERED  
MAN WAS IDENTIFIED  
AS DAN BRIGGS!

BRIGGS WAS  
RELEASED FROM  
JAIL LAST WEEK.  
HE SAID HE WAS  
GOING STRAIGHT...  
THEN HE LEFT  
TOWN...



EXACTLY! A LOT OF EX-CONS  
WHO WANT TO GO STRAIGHT HAVE  
SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED!  
I WANT YOU TO FIND  
OUT WHY.

THEN I'LL  
HAVE TO BECOME  
AN EX-CON  
MYSELF!





LATER, AT STATE PRISON, CONVICT TOM HORNE IS SUMMONED TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE...



NEXT DAY, BATMAN, DISGUISED AS HORNE, LEAVES THE PRISON...



HELLO! MY NAME IS SMITH! I REPRESENT A FIRM THAT IS WILLING TO EMPLOY EX-CONVICTS! WANT A JOB?



WE'LL TAKE YOU TO THE JOB, RIGHT NOW!

LET'S GO! I'M READY!



AS THE CAR SPEEDS AWAY...



SECONDS LATER, A MAMMOTH BAT TAKES TO THE SKY!

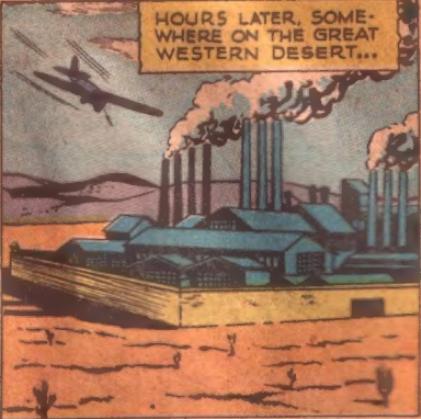




THE NEXT NIGHT... AT A PRIVATE AIRFIELD...

PLANE WINDOWS PAINTED BLACK?  
HOW COME?

THE EXACT LOCATION  
OF OUR FACTORY IS  
A...ER... GOVERNMENT  
SECRET!



A SECRET CITY BEHIND HIGH STONE  
WALLS, IN THE HEART OF THE DESERT!  
WATCHTOWERS PATROLED BY ARMED  
SENTRIES DAY AND NIGHT...



OUR WORK IS VERY SECRET SO  
YOU MUST AGREE TO SEVER  
CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE  
WORLD AND STAY HERE  
FOR THREE  
YEARS!  
SIGN HERE,  
PLEASE.



LATER, "HORNE" JOINS THE PLANT'S ASSEMBLY  
LINE WORKERS...

WHAT  
ARE WE  
MAKING?

WE DON'T KNOW! WE  
JUST WORK ON DIFFERENT  
PARTS AND THEY'RE ASSEMBLED  
IN A SECRET  
SECTION OF  
THE PLANT!



"THIS PLACE IS LIKE A JAIL! WE  
CAN'T EVEN SEND LETTERS  
OUTSIDE... WE CAN'T HAVE  
DISCUSSIONS..."

BREAK IT UP, YOU GUYS!  
KNOW YOU AIN'T  
ALLOWED TO GATHER  
IN MORE THAN THREE  
TO A GROUP!





THAT NIGHT, IN A BARRACKS...



SUDDENLY—THE CLOMP OF HEAVY BOOTS... A STABBING LIGHT... A CRASHING BLOW!



INSIDE,  
YOU!

THE ROOM  
WITH THE  
BLACK  
DOOR!



BEHIND THE BLACK DOOR—THE THINKER,  
ARCH CRIMINAL, WHOSE WASTED BODY  
HOUSES A RESTLESS, WRITHING BRAIN.

YOU, SIR, ARE  
AN IMPOSTOR!







SUDDENLY, THERE'S A SPUTTER OF PISTONS — AND THE MOTOR-DRIVEN WHEELCHAIR DRIVES INTO THE SURPRISED BATMAN!



WHAT'LL WE DO WIT' HIM, THINKER?

LET ME THINK... HMM-MM...



WE'LL TREAT HIM AS ALL SPIES CAPTURED IN ENEMY TERRITORY ARE TREATED — WE'LL SHOOT BATMAN AT SUNRISE!



MEANWHILE, BEHIND A SAND DRIFT, ANXIOUS ROBIN KEEPS A LONELY VIGIL...



AND IN A BARRED ROOM NOT FAR AWAY...



SMASHING THE ELECTRIC BULB, BATMAN USES THE SHARP GLASS TO CUT THE COT'S BLANKET...

THIS BAT LOOKS LARGE ENOUGH...





DAWN! AS THE SUN RISES, IT HEATS THE AIR OVER THE SANDS... AND, OBEYING A SCIENTIFIC LAW, THE HOT AIR RISES, AND WITH IT— THE BATKITE!



BUT WILL ROBIN BE IN TIME? FOR, ALREADY BATMAN STANDS BEFORE THE FIRING SQUAD!





**FIRE! BUT NOT FROM THE RIFLES! INSTEAD, A A THERMITE BOMB HAS BURST ON THE GROUND!**

WHAT...?

HUH?

AND, SCREENED BY THE SMOKE, ROBIN RACES TO BATMAN'S SIDE.

ROBIN!  
YOU GOT  
MY  
SIGNAL!

UH-HUH! I HAD A TOUGH TIME GETTING PAST THOSE SENTRIES, BUT HERE I AM.



REUNITED, THE DYNAMIC DUO CHARGES INTO BATTLE.

NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, ROBIN!

NICE TO BE HERE, BATMAN!



HEAD FOR THAT DOOR!



I'M  
RIGHT  
BEHIND  
YOU!

NO SIGN OF 'EM, THINKER! WE OUGHTA

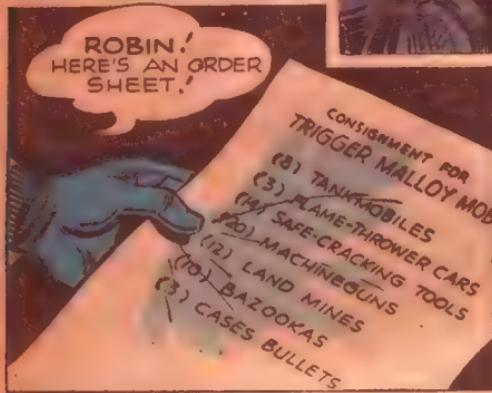
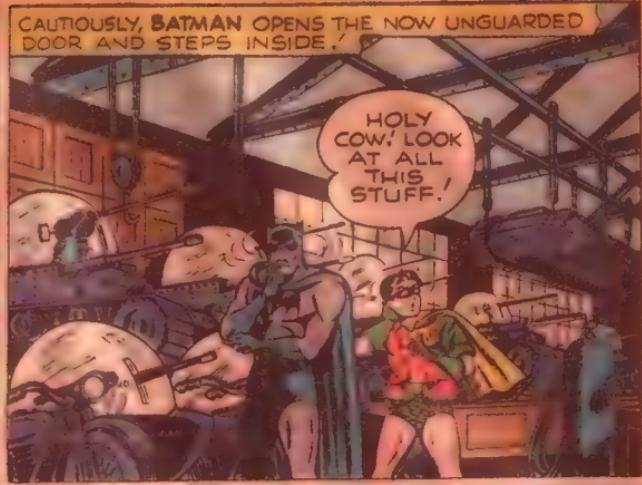
QUIET! HOW CAN I THINK WITH YOU YAPPING! LOCK ALL WORKMEN IN THE BARRACKS! SOUND THE ALARM! ALERT ALL GUARDS!

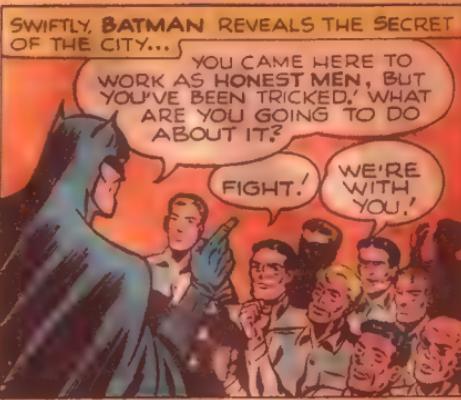


AND THE SECRET CITY BECOMES AN ARMED CAMP, WITH ROVING BANDS PATROLLING THE FACTORY CORRIDORS.

ORDERS ARE—  
SHOOT TO KILL!









AS THE STORM TROOPERS MASS FOR ANOTHER ATTACK, TWO BATARANGS TRAP THEM IN A SPIDERWEB OF SILK ROPE!





AND THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS - THE BULLETS MEANT FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN SEVER AN ELECTRIC CABLE!



THE LIVE CABLE STRIKES, AND THE WHEELCHAIR BECOMES AN ELECTRIC CHAIR! THE MURDEROUS THINKER HAS EXECUTED HIMSELF!



LATER...



AND SO BATMAN AND ROBIN LEAVE THE CITADEL OF CRIME, AS IT BECOMES A CITADEL OF HONEST EX-CRIMINALS!



BUT  
HOW ABOUT  
OUR SLUGGING  
AVERAGE?

I'LL DO BETTER  
AFTER I'M AROUND  
FOR AWHILE

FERRISS EARNED  
THE HIGHEST WIN-  
NING PERCENTAGE  
OF ANY MAJOR-  
LEAGUE PITCHER  
DURING THE 1946  
SEASON. HE WON  
25 GAMES,  
LOST ONLY  
6 GAMES—  
AN AVER-  
AGE OF  
.806

CHAMPION  
PITCHER OF THE  
CHAMPION  
BOSTON  
RED SOX

"A BALL PLAYER NEEDS HEARTY,  
NOURISHING FOOD," SAYS DAVE FERRISS.  
"AND I LIKE TO BUILD MY MORNING MEAL  
AROUND THAT FAMOUS TRAINING DISH,  
WHEATIES, BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.  
A BIG BOWL OF WHEATIES, WITH PLENTY OF  
MILK AND FRUIT, GIVES YOU REAL 'STICK-  
TO-YOUR-RIBS' NOURISHMENT"

IN 1945, HIS FIRST YEAR  
IN THE MAJORS, "BOO"  
FERRISS WON 21 GAMES.  
HE SET A LEAGUE RECORD  
BY PITCHING 23 1/3 SCORE-  
LESS INNINGS TO START HIS  
MAJOR LEAGUE CAREER

WHEATIES

**BREAKFAST  
OF  
CHAMPIONS**  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

I NEED NOURISHMENT

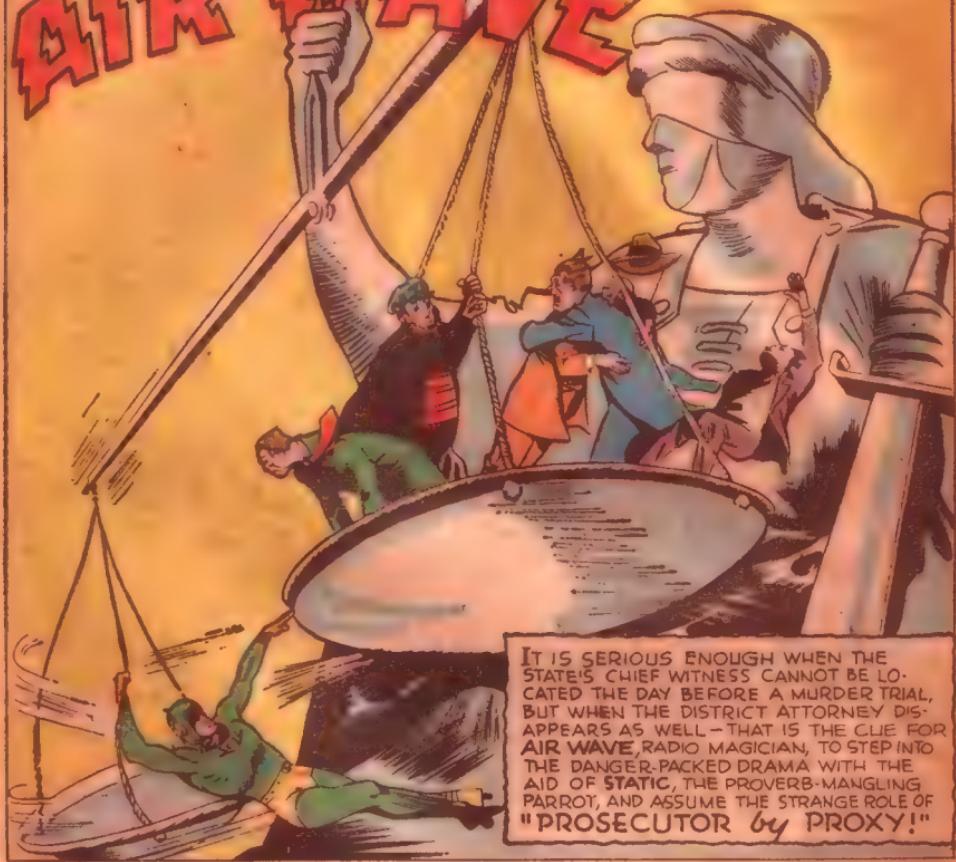
HE EATS  
WHEATIES



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# AIR WAVE



IT IS SERIOUS ENOUGH WHEN THE STATE'S CHIEF WITNESS CANNOT BE LOCATED THE DAY BEFORE A MURDER TRIAL, BUT WHEN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY DISAPPEARS AS WELL - THAT IS THE CLUE FOR AIR WAVE, RADIO MAGICIAN, TO STEP INTO THE DANGER-PACKED DRAMA WITH THE AID OF STATIC, THE PROVERB-MANGLING PARROT, AND ASSUME THE STRANGE ROLE OF "PROSECUTOR by PROXY!"

ON THE  
EVE OF  
ONE OF  
DISTRICT  
ATTORNEY  
LARRY  
JORDAN'S  
MOST  
IMPORTANT  
TRIALS  
\*\*\*

WE TRIED TO LOCATE THE WATCHMAN, JOE WILSON, MR. JORDAN, BUT HE CAN'T BE FOUND.



TOO BAD! HIS TESTIMONY WOULD CONVICT TUG TOBIN OF LOU FIGARI'S MURDER - BUT EVEN WITHOUT IT, WE CAN JAIL HIM!

AT HOME, JORDAN FACES ANOTHER PROBLEM...

YOU'VE BEEN MOPPING FOR DAYS, STATIC. MAYBE WE'D BETTER SEE A BIRD DOCTOR...



A FIGHT A DAY  
KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY! AWWRK!







THE  
SOCK  
IN  
THE  
EYE  
CHANGES  
AIR  
WAVE'S  
PLANS...

NOW I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE WITNESS WHO'LL SEND TOBIN TO THE CHAIR—  
BUT THIS BLACK EYE! IF THE D.A. GOES  
INTO COURT, HE'LL BE IDENTIFIED AS  
AIR WAVE BY  
THESE CROOKS!

HOW CAN I PROSECUTE  
TOBIN TOMORROW  
WITHOUT REVEALING  
MY AIR WAVE IDENTITY?  
I HAVE IT? I'LL  
PROSECUTE  
BY PROXY!

SWIFTLY AIR WAVE'S ENERGIZED SKATES  
SPEED HIM ACROSS TOWN...

THERE'S PIER  
20, NOW TO  
FIND WILSON...

OUT OF THE FRYING  
PAN INTO THE PIER!  
AWWRK!

AT THE PIER...

WE CAN  
LEAVE NOW.  
WILSON'S  
TAKEN CARE  
OF.

HE  
CAN  
ROT IN  
THAT  
SHACK!

HOLD YOUR  
HORSEPOWER, BOYS.  
I'M LOOKING FOR  
WILSON.

AIR  
WAVE!

MOMENTS LATER, IN A HIDEOUT BENEATH  
THE PIER...

YOU SAVED MY LIFE,  
AIR WAVE. THEY WOULD'VE  
KILLED ME WHEN TOBIN'S  
TRIAL IS OVER! I HID  
THE MURDER GUN—

GET THE GUN  
NOW—AND WE'LL  
GIVE TUG TOBIN  
THE SURPRISE  
OF HIS LIFE!

NEXT DAY, AT TUG TOBIN'S TRIAL...

NOW I'LL HAVE A WHISPERED WORD WITH MY ASSISTANT—THROUGH HIS SPECTACLES FRAME!

AND IN THE COURTROOM, AS THE ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS ABOUT TO OPEN THE CASE...

LISTEN CAREFULLY! THIS IS AIR WAVE! STAND UP AND MOVE YOUR LIPS—BUT DON'T SPEAK! I'LL DO THE TALKING—AND HANG TOBIN!

WHAT?

NOW, YOUR HONOR, I SHALL PROVE THIS WAS COLD-BLOODED MURDER BY TUG TOBIN, USING TESTIMONY OF AN EYEWITNESS!

JOE WILSON, COME FORWARD...

WOW!  
WHAT AM I LETTING MYSELF IN FOR?

SUDDENLY, FROM THE AUDIENCE...

HOLY CAT! IT IS WILSON!

JOE WILSON!  
HOW DID HE GET LOOSE?

I SAW TUG TOBIN SHOOT LOU FIGARI, YOUR HONOR—AND HERE IS THE GUN HE USED!

WHILE OUTSIDE, GUIDING THE HAND OF JUSTICE...

FINE, JOE! NOW I'LL BROADCAST FROM TUG TOBIN'S CAP INSIGNIA!

THERE'S MANY A TIP TWIXT CAP AND LIP!

## AS TOBIN'S BADGE BEGINS TO TALK...



AAARGH — THAT'S A LIE! I AIN'T SAYIN' THAT I'M HOLDIN' THE D.A....

## LATER, AFTER THE COURT CONVICTS TOBIN...

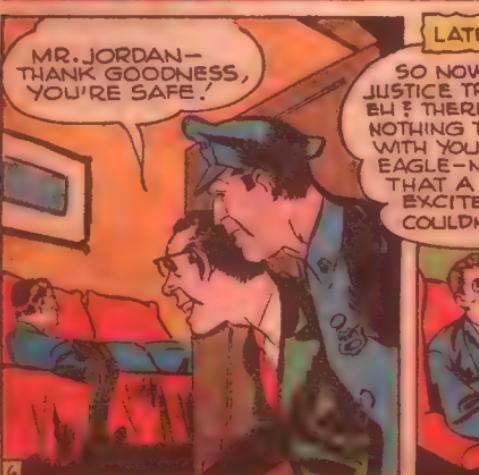


THAT'S IT, STATIC — AROUND ONCE MORE; THEN YOU MAKE A BEE-LINE FOR HOME!



BUT WHERE IS MR. JORDAN?

MR. JORDAN — THANK GOODNESS, YOU'RE SAFE!



SO NOW YOU'RE JUSTICE TRIUMPHANT, BU? THERE WAS NOTHING THE MATTER WITH YOU, OLD WAR-EAGLE — NOTHING THAT A LITTLE EXCITEMENT COULDN'T CURE!

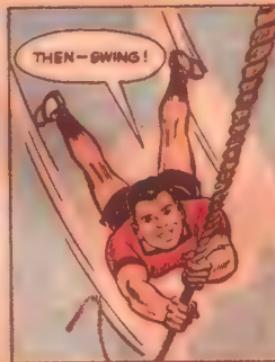
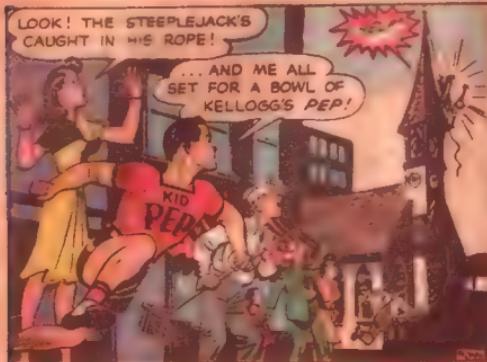


LEAPING FROM THE PAGES



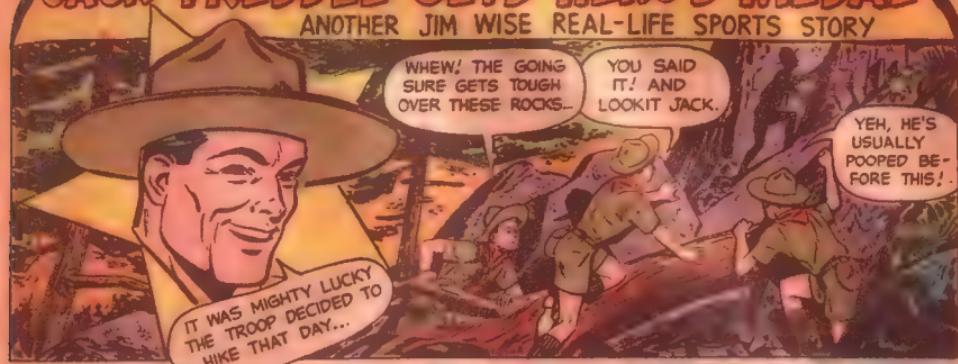
ONTO THE SCREEN —  
VIGILANTE!

ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR LOCAL THEATER WHEN YOU CAN SEE THIS TWO-FISTED, SLAM-BANG COLUMBIA SERIAL!



# JACK TREDDLE GETS HERO'S MEDAL

ANOTHER JIM WISE REAL-LIFE SPORTS STORY



## WHAT MR. WISE TOLD THE GUYS ABOUT "P-F"

HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL NORMAL POSITION.



2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

...ON BEHALF OF THE TOWN. YOUR HEROIC FAST RUNNING SAVED HADDONFIELD!

GEE, THE THANKS SHOULD GO TO "P-F". THAT'S WHAT GAVE ME SPEED!



"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION...A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES

MADE BY

B.F.Goodrich AND HOOD RUBBER CO.

THE FOLLOWING HIKE





# SLAM BRADLEY



**FIRE!...**

GREAT FRIEND AND DREADED FOE OF MANKIND! AND TO DRAMATIZE THIS, WE PRESENT FIRETOWN, WITH THRILLING EXHIBITIONS BY GALLANT SMOKE-EATERS. BUT THEN A GANG OF CROOKS USES FIRETOWN TO MASK A KIDNAPING, AND PRIVATE DETECTIVES

**SLAM BRADLEY**

AND SHORTY MORGAN HAVE TO RALLY TO THE CRY OF

**"FIREMAN,  
SAVE MY  
CHILD!"**

JUST A MOMENT AGO IT WAS A QUIET DAY. NOW...



THOSE GUYS OUGHTTA WATCH WHERE THEY PUT OUT FIRES!

I FORGOT THAT WAGON'S FROM

Firetown-

WHERE THEY'RE HOLDING THE BIG FIRE PREVENTION WEEK FAIR! COME ON...





SHORTLY...

FIRETOWN

FOR  
PETE'S  
SAKE!  
WHAT KIND  
OF PLACE  
IS THIS?

THIS IS FIRETOWN!  
THE SAFETY COUNCIL  
ERECTED THIS ENTIRE  
VILLAGE TO WARN  
PEOPLE AGAINST  
FIRE HAZARDS!

HMM—MAYBE  
I CAN FIND AN  
APARTMENT  
HERE!

NOT IN  
FIRETOWN,  
SHORTY. THE  
BUILDINGS ARE  
ONLY FALSE FRONTS—  
TO BE BURNED IN A FIRE-  
FIGHTING DEMONSTRA-  
TION!

FIRETOWN  
1900

BUT BEHIND ONE OF THE FRONTS, SOMETHING IS BREWING THAT IS NOT PART OF THE ACT...

HEY! DIS IS GREAT!  
WE CAN HIDE OUT  
HERE TILL DA  
DAME PAYS OFF  
FOR HER KID!

WON'T DA  
COPPERS  
FIND US?

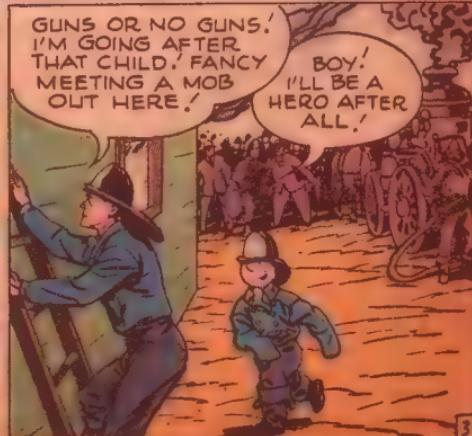
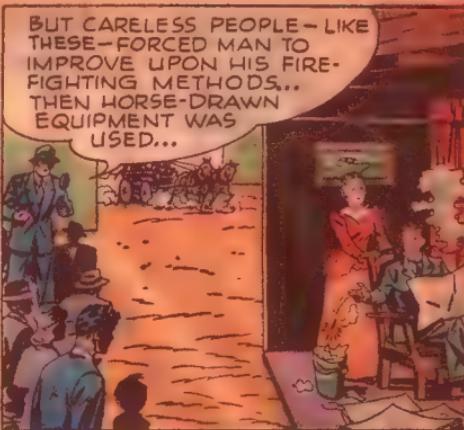
NAW, NO COPPER'D  
THINK OF LOOKIN'  
FOR US HERE!  
WE'RE SAFE —  
TILL DEY BOIN  
DA PLACE!

MEANWHILE, DOWN THE STREET...

IN 1600,  
MAN FOUGHT  
FIRES' WITH  
THIS ANCIENT  
EQUIPMENT...

... AND THIS IS A  
FIRE-FIGHTING DEVICE  
OF THE 17TH CENTURY.  
NOTE HOW IT DIFFERS  
FROM MODERN  
EQUIPMENT...

THAT  
THING  
LOOKS  
LIKE A  
SMALL  
SWIMMING  
POOL!







FROM FIRE-FIGHTING TO THUG-FIGHTING! THAT'S US!

WE'D BETTER END THIS GAME IN A HURRY, THOUGH!

WHAM!  
CRASH!  
BANG!

WHILE BELOW, 15 GENERATIONS OF FIRE-FIGHTING DEVICES GO INTO ACTION!

THEY'VE SENT FOR 20TH-CENTURY EQUIPMENT. THIS IS A REAL EMERGENCY NOW!

A SIREN SCREAMS, HERALDING A MODERN FIRE-FIGHTING UNIT!

HURRY UP WITH THAT CHUTE! THE PLACE IS READY TO FALL!

THIS WAY, BRADLEY! WE'VE GOT THE CHUTE UP!

AND NOW—A METHOD OF RESCUE THAT WOULD STARTLE PEOPLE OF PAST CENTURIES!

THEY MADE IT! THEY'RE SAFE!

THEN, SLAM'S FOOT SLIPS—AND HE GOES FOR A RIDE, LEAVING SHORTY ALONE IN THE BLAZING TRAP!

ULP!



TO GET THERE FIRST:

## ACE PILOTS

FOLLOW THE  
RULES OF THE  
SKY-WAYS!

WIND SOCK -- SHOWS DIRECTION OF WIND. ALL PLANES TAKING OFF AND LANDING, DO SO AGAINST THE WIND.

RUNNING LIGHTS -- OF RED AND GREEN ARE CARRIED ON ALL PLANES. RED ON PORT (LEFT) WING. GREEN ON STARBOARD (RIGHT) WING.

YES SIR! KNOWING THE TRAFFIC RULES OF THE AIR IS THE FIRST DUTY OF AN AIRLINE PILOT. EVERY BOY OR

GIRL WHO IS -- OR PLANS TO BECOME A CYCLING "PILOT" SHOULD KNOW THE RULES OF THE ROAD, TOO. THAT'S WHY I THINK THE MAKERS OF THOSE SWELL COLUMBIA BICYCLES HAVE A GREAT IDEA IN THEIR "ROTATING-DIAL" GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD. WHY NOT USE IT TO LEARN HOW TO BE AN ACE ON A BIKE?

CAPT. O.M. GOVE  
FAMOUS TWA PILOT-SAYS:



## GET YOUR COLUMBIA CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD

IT'S YOURS! the "rotating-dial" GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD. It enables you to qualify as a cycling expert. 16 rules of the road are illustrated and show up with a flick of your finger. Also traffic and hand signals; bicycle check-chart for maintenance. Send only 10¢ IN COIN to cover cost of handling. Whether you own a bicycle or plan to buy one, get this Guide NOW.



CON 10¢ ADV TBNY DEV IN, N.Y.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES  
Box 26, Church Street Sta., New York 8, N.Y.

Here is 10¢ in coin for my "rotating-dial" GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

please print plainly

SINCE 1877

AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE



# The Adventures of SAM SPADE

**L**ISTEN TO "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening. It's on your Columbia (CBS) Broadcasting System station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.



**SAM SPADE SAYS,** "Neat, well groomed hair helps you make the grade! And for well groomed hair you can't beat Wildroot Cream-Oil" Again and again the choice of men who put good grooming first.

# SAFETY IN NUMBERS

by Patric Dobbs

EDDIE ACES considered himself a king in his trade. He was a second story worker, a burglar. "A lone wolf is what I am," Eddie Aces used to proclaim, "and because I am a lone wolf I stay out of the clutches of the law."

There weren't many people Eddie Aces trusted, even if there were more people who didn't trust him. But like Eddie Aces said, his one true friend and counsellor was Stymie Shiggins, the fence.

Not that Eddie Aces followed Stymie's advice to the letter. "It ain't that I don't trust it, Stymie," he said, "but I got to the top of my profession by learning the hard way. Besides, I don't put any trust in those numbers you're always talking about."

The conversation, taking place in the tiny back room of Stymie's cigar store, caused the fence to frown. As an ardent disciple of numerology, he disliked having his casting challenged.

"I've never been wrong yet," Eddie Aces, he said reprovingly. "And I say this seems to be the wrong time for you to pull that Falmouth job." He held up his hand. "Not that I'm not anxious to handle the jewels for you, Eddie Aces. It is just that everything seems to add up to number thirteen. And that is a very unlucky number today."

Eddie Aces shrugged. "Superstition don't belong in my business, Stymie. I am strictly a guy who takes no chances. Look, for two weeks now I've been working on this job. So what do I do? I get to know this old lady's house like it was my own, and I manage to strike up a friendship with her maid, Cassie Hawkins and—hey, what's the matter, Stymie?"

"Thirteen!" Stymie said. "Her name—the letters in it—add up to thirteen! Now, you see what I mean?" Once again he shook his head. "Don't forget, this is also the *thirteenth* day of the month."

"Stymie, if you are going to talk like that, I am going to leave. But, to proceed—I even learn that there is a loose floorboard on the top step going into the old lady's bedroom. So I figure I count the first twelve, then take off my shoes. Or maybe I take 'em off before I go up, so there's no chance of a squeak."

"Eddie Aces, listen to me!" Stymie grab-

bed his arm. "Don't you know what you're saying? There are twelve steps first, and one more makes—"

"Thirteen!" Eddie Aces supplied triumphantly. "But I just don't step on the thirteenth!" He leaned back, and laughed at Stymie's red face.

The ringing of the bell from outside, announcing the entrance of a customer, stopped Eddie Aces' laughter. Waving goodby to Stymie, he left.

While he liked the little man who fenced for him, Eddie Aces had decided long ago there was no place for superstition in his racket. "The way a guy gets caught in this racket is by making a slip. When he does that, he deserves to get caught. But superstition has nothin' to do with it."

He wondered what Stymie would have said if he had known the Widow Falmouth's house was No. 1313 Rhododendron Street. And that this would be the thirteenth job—that he, Eddie Aces, had pulled this year!

Promptly at ten, and strictly according to the program he had laid out for himself, Eddie Aces let himself in through the basement window of the old-fashioned house of the Widow Falmouth. In pre-war years, a superintendent and his wife had occupied this lower floor, but the advent of high war wages had led them to give up the position and move away. Today, the Widow Falmouth had only a maid to assist her. And this was the maid's night out. Eddie Aces had made sure of that by making a date with her. Even now she was probably waiting for him.

He had told her that he might be a half hour late for their date. Eddie Aces intended to meet her as soon as he pulled this job. She would be his alibi, if one should be needed. And he didn't expect it would be.

He carefully made his way up the cellar stairs, to the street floor. He didn't have to worry about stairs creaking here. That would be the next stairway.

Before he took off his shoes, Eddie Aces adjusted the mask on his face. Then he placed his shoes at the bottom of the first floor stairs. In the darkness, he ascended to the second floor. No use taking a chance on anyone seeing a light.

He counted off the stairs, then carefully

avoided the thirteenth one. True, he told himself, he could have kept on his shoes. But one slip and the old lady, a light sleeper, Cassie had revealed, might awaken and sound an alarm.

Like a thin shadow he made his way to the Widow Falmouth's bedroom, carefully pushed open the door. A shaft of moonlight slipped in through the window. Eddie Aces smiled. This was the kind of break he'd like Stymie to see. The nerve of Stymie, trying to talk him out of a soft touch like this!

The old lady started as Eddie Aces' hand clamped down over her mouth. "If you don't want to die, grandma," Eddie Aces said, "just take it easy and tell me how to open that safe."

The Widow Falmouth didn't lack courage. Nor did she lack common sense. And she had a pretty good idea that the gun in Eddie Aces' hand meant business. Her life was worth more to her than jewelry.

In a few moments, Eddie Aces had the jewels. The only thing he left behind was an open safe, empty, and an old lady who lay helplessly in bed, her wrists bound by a handkerchief, another stuffed in her mouth.

Quickly, Eddie Aces made his way downstairs. En route, he shoved the mask into his pocket, smiling as he did so. He recalled reading a story a long time ago about a foolish crook who had been caught by a cop for forgetting to remove his mask. No such mistake for Eddie Aces!

If he ever met a cop— He stiffened, stood for a moment on the top step of the stairs leading up from the basement. He was outside now, and it was a hot night. It felt even hotter when he saw the policeman, who said, "Sure is hot, ain't it?"

Officer Justin Clancy had paused against the railing to rest. He looked at Eddie Aces. "You the new superintendent?"

Eddie Aces looked at the rugged Irish face, breathed again. Another stupid cop! "Sure am, officer," he said. "I just thought I'd take a walk. Get a little fresh air. I'd like to see the town. I'm new here." He waved a hand. "Glad to know you." He started to walk away.

"Just a minute!"

Eddie Aces, annoyed, paused. What now?

Officer Clancy peered at Eddie Aces. "You in the habit of taking walks without your shoes?"

Horrified, Eddie Aces looked down, saw stocking feet! He smiled a wan smile at the officer. His shoes! He had forgotten all about them! "Thanks, officer," he said, "I—I guess I forgot them."

"Sure! Sure!" Officer Clancy's eyes didn't look a bit friendly now. "I guess you did." His huge paw closed around Eddie Aces' arm. "But I guess you won't mind my inquisitive nature prompting me to take you back for a check up with the Widow Falmouth?"

It wasn't until next morning, when he read the paper, that Stymie learned that Officer No. 13, as they called Clancy at the station house because of his jinx badge number, had been lucky again, nabbing a sneak thief. "I told him," he moaned, "I warned Eddie Aces! But he wouldn't listen to me!"

At approximately the same time, in his temporary cell, Eddie Aces was logically explaining away the reason for his own folly.

"Thirteen bucks I pay for them shoes," he said bitterly, "and I have to go and forget to put 'em on!"



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LEARN

# INSIDE BASEBALL

FROM BIG LEAGUE STARS!



LOOK! JUST LIKE  
THE BIG LEAGUERS  
DO IT!



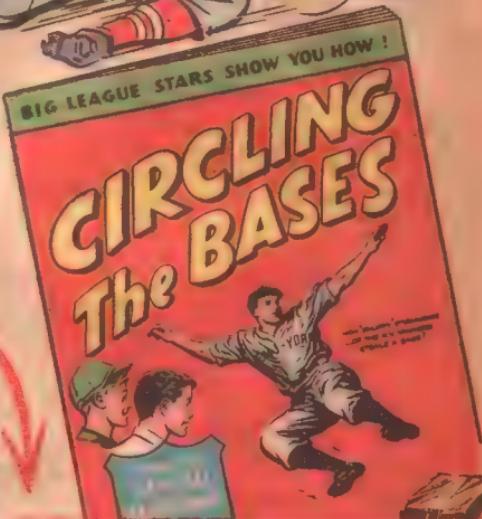
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# "U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



## "OUTWITTING The KIDNAPPERS"



WHEN THEY FIND  
THAT RANSOM NOTE,  
I'LL BE SITTIN'  
PRETTY...

AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM  
CITY BIKE CLUB HEAR POLICE RADIO FLASH...

...KIDNAPPERS  
LAST SEEN ON  
ROUTE 22  
DRIVING TOWARD  
SPARTA  
MOUNTAIN...

GOLLY...  
THEY'RE HEADING  
THIS WAY!

COME ON,  
FELLAS...WE'RE  
HEADING FOR  
THE CROSSROADS!

YOU GO GET THE POLICE.  
I'LL STOP ALL CARS WITH  
MY SPARK-INTERRUPTER.

THE PLAN WORKS...THE KIDNAP-CAR  
IS TRAPPED IN A BIG TRAFFIC-JAM!

THE POLICE!  
THEY'VE GOT THE  
KIDNAPPERS!

\* A SPARK-INTERRUPTER CUTS OFF  
ALL IGNITIONS BY REMOTE CONTROL!

FAST WORK, BOYS...YOU BIKERS  
SURE MADE THESE THUGS  
LOOK LIKE PIKERS!

FELLAS...THE BOYS OF THE BIKE CLUB  
AND I ARE MIGHTY PARTIAL TO U.S.  
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN GIVES US REAL  
CONTROL AT TOP SPEED!

"I CAN STOP FASTER - EASIER -  
WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"  
--- SAYS "U.S." ROYAL.

NEXT ISSUE  
TRAPPING A  
BANDIT!

# U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES ARE THE FAVORITE  
WITH MOST BOYS. THE REASON? THAT BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN GRIPS THE ROAD -- IN ANY  
WEATHER -- GIVES QUICKER, Surer STOPS.  
WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?



The

# BOY COMMANDOS



ADOLF HITLER, ARCH-VILLAIN OF HISTORY, SCOURGE OF THE WORLD. WHEN HE DIED, CERTAIN OF HIS FOLLOWERS LAUNCHED THE RUMOR THAT HIS DEATH WAS A HOAX. DID HITLER REALLY DIE? WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE STILL LIVED, AND CAME FROM HIDING NOW? THIS STORY, RELEASED AT LAST, FROM THE SECRET, POST-WAR FILES OF THE BOY COMMANDOS IS THE FANTASTIC TALE OF...

## WHEN HITLER CAME BACK!





THIS STRANGE TALE BEGINS IN GERMANY,  
IN A MOUNTAIN HIDEAWAY...

IT IS SO EASY TO DUPE THE  
GERMAN PEOPLE! NOW  
I'LL RETURN, TO RULE  
WITH AN IRON HAND.  
HISTORY HAS  
GIVEN ME MY  
CHANCE.'



LATER, IN A NEARBY TOWN...

THIS MESSAGE  
SAYS HE'S  
ALIVE! PASS  
THE WORD  
AROUND... **DER  
TAG HAS  
COME!**

BY MORNING,  
HAUS, WEAPONS  
AND MEN WILL BE  
OUT OF HIDING—  
THOUSANDS  
OF THEM!

AND WITH THE DAWN —

MEET AT THE  
CAVES! COME  
ARMED!  
**HE LIVES!**



AT ONE GERMAN HOME...

MY SON! THE  
WAR IS OVER!  
WHY DO YOU  
DO THIS?

DER FUEHRER  
IS BACK! NOW  
GERMANY WILL  
RISE AGAIN!



AND THE RUMOR SPREADS—STREET BY  
STREET, FROM TOWN TO TOWN, THEN IN  
A MURKY CAVERNS...

... AND NOW HE IS  
BACK, STRONGER  
THAN EVER—AND  
WITH MORE TERRIBLE  
WEAPONS...





MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...

LAST LAP, BOYS!  
AND FROM NOW  
ON, BE ON GUARD!  
THIS IS WERE-  
WOLF TERRITORY!



SUDDENLY, HOODED FIGURES APPEAR  
WITH SNARLING MACHINEGUNS!

WEREWOLVES!  
WE MUST BE CLOSE  
TO THEIR HIDEOUT!

RAT A  
TATATATAT



HOLD IT, RIP!  
DEY GOT ME!



WHERE'D THEY  
HIT YOU, ZEE  
BROOKLYN?

M'SIEU RIP.  
ZEE NAZIS  
COME!

GUESS IT WUZ A FALSE  
ALARM! JUST MY  
SKI- IT BROKE...



A MOMENT LATER...

A BOY!

WHO ISS HEZ  
WHERE HE IS  
FROM...?



FROM  
FLATBUSH,  
YA SAP!  
HERE'S ME  
CALLIN'  
CARD!

WHACK!

AT 'EM,  
BOYS!





YOU GENTS NO DOUBT HAVE HEARD OF US - THE BOY COMMANDOS!

BAM!

HIMMEL!

AND SHORTLY...

THIS IS A LUCKY BREAK! GET THESE WEREWOLF TOGS ON.

I DON'T LIKE WEARIN' NAZI DUDS - BUT IF YOU SAY SO, RIP - HERE GOES!

NOW I'LL TELL YOU WHY WE REALLY CAME TO GERMANY. THERE'S A REPORT THAT HITLER IS STILL ALIVE.

HITLER!

SACRE BLEU!

RIP REVEALS THEIR SECRET MISSION, NOW, AS THEY FORGE AHEAD...

THE NAZI WEREWOLVES BELIEVE THAT HITLER ESCAPED. A.M.G. WANTS US TO CHECK ON THE RUMOR THAT DER FUEHRER IS DUE TO STAGE A COMEBACK.

BUT WHAT ABOUT DAT BODY OUR ARMY GUYS FOUND - DAT DEY SAID WAS HITLER?

THE NAZI WEREWOLVES BELIEVE HITLER PLANTED A DOUBLE OF HIMSELF FOR OUR TROOPS TO FIND...

... AND THAT HITLER IS HIDING UNTIL HE'S READY TO RETURN... A.M.G. THINKS THE WEREWOLVES HAVE A HIDEOUT IN THIS AREA. WE'LL CHECK ON THIS OLD CASTLE... HERE.



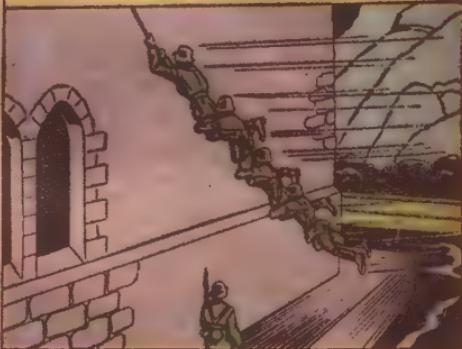
OUR TROOPS WOULD SCARE WEREWOLF NAZIS INTO HIDING, IF THEY ARE USING THE OLD CASTLE FOR HEADQUARTERS. BUT WE'LL MOVE IN QUIETLY—AND GET HITLER—IF HE'S THERE!



A MOONLESS NIGHT—PERFECT FOR COMMANDO TACTICS.



THEN, NOISELESSLY, THE COMMANDOS SWING TOWARD THE FORTRESS, UN-OBSERVED BY THE FIGURES BELOW...



INSIDE THE FORTRESS-CASTLE ...

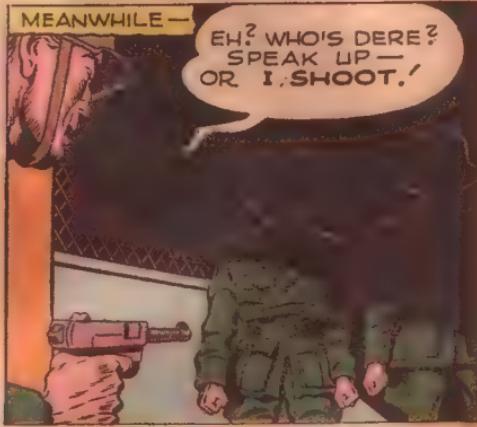
SHHH! FOOTSTEPS! HEAD FOR THAT ELEVATOR!

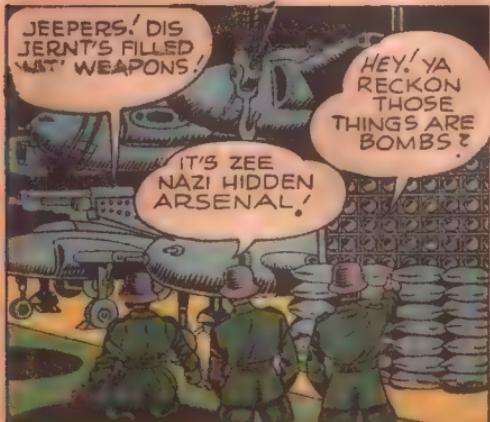


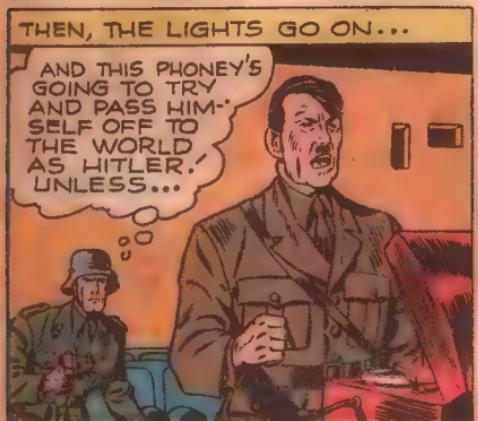
THERE, FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE THEY SEE ...

AH! IF ONLY MEIN FAITHFUL GOERING VAS HERE!











WITH THE ROOM DARK, THE COMMANDO CHIEF CRASHES AGAINST AN EXIT DOOR, AND...



IN THE HALLWAY NOW, RIP FIGHTS HIS WAY UPSTAIRS...



OUT OF AMMO! HERE'S AN EMPTY GUN, BOYS ... WITH MY REGARDS!



RIP RACES TO THE NEXT LEVEL— AND SEES—

BROOKLYN!

STEP ON IT, RIP! WE'RE GOIN' PLACES!





ALL THE WAY UP, BROOKLYN—  
TO THE PLANE-LAUNCHING  
PLATFORM ABOVE. MAYBE  
WE CAN BOMB  
THIS PLACE!

OH, ME! WOT  
I'D GIVE FOR  
A BULLET-PROOF  
VEST!

WAM

BAM

LAST STOP—UP!

I OVERHEARD THE  
PHONEY HITLER  
SAY HE HAS A  
PLANE WAITING  
TO FLY HIM TO  
BERLIN FOR  
THE BIG COUP!



THEY LAUNCH  
PLANES FROM  
UP HERE...

IS IT A  
JET JOB,  
RIP?



NO PLANE HERE!  
MUST BE PARKED  
BELOW!

WELL,  
COME ON—  
WOTTA WE  
WAITIN' FOR?



MEANWHILE, BELOW—

THEY'RE  
ON THE  
TOP  
FLOOR.  
SMOKE  
'EM OUT.

READY  
DER  
GUNS!



AND UPSTAIRS...

HURRY! WE'VE  
ONLY GOT  
SECONDS.

BUT, RIP—  
WHAT WE  
GONNA DO  
WIT' DESE  
SWASTIKAS?



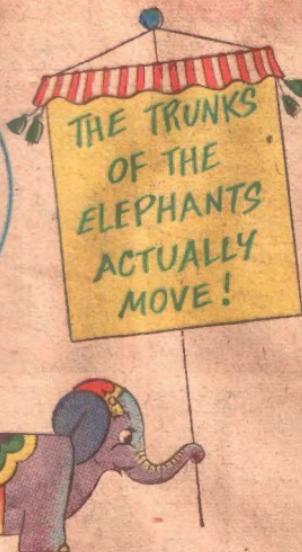




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**HURRY!**  
**HURRY!**  
**HURRY!**

Post's CEREALS CIRCUS  
Box 259-A, Battle Creek, Michigan  
Here you are, one box top and one dime. Let's have Circus Ring No. 2.

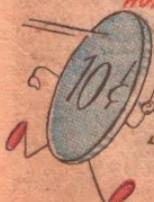
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**GRAPE-NUTS**



# FAMOUS SPORTS FLOPS

A TRIP INTO THE PAST WITH THOM MCAN AND HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

DAPPER JACK'S  
DREAM

OUT OF A STORY-PACKED SPORTS PAST... INTO THE PRESENT DAY... ZOOMS THOM MCAN ON HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!

HEY, FELLOWS! THIS TIME I'VE BROUGHT BACK A "SPORTS FLOP" STORY ABOUT ONE OF THE ALL-TIME GREAT FIGHTERS... "DAPPER JACK"!

THE TIME -- 1900:

NEW PLAY STARRING

**DAPPER JACK**  
FORMER HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP

LOOKS GOOD, EH, JACK?

EXCEPT FOR ONE THING -- I'M FED UP WITH THAT WORD "FORMER." IT'S GOT TO BE "AGAIN"!

SO "DAPPER JACK" RETURNS TO THE RING AND FIGHTS THE CURRENT CHAMP!

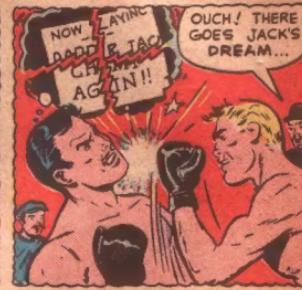
AFTER I WIN THIS FIGHT I'LL STAR IN A NEW PLAY... TOUR THE WORLD IN IT... MILLIONS WILL PAY TO SEE ME...

23RD ROUND...

ONE MORE ROUND AND THE FIGHT'S MINE... I CAN SEE IT NOW...

NOW PLAYING  
DAPPER JACK  
-CHAMP AGAIN!!

OUCH! THERE GOES JACK'S DREAM...



IT WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT FIGHT IN DAPPER JACK'S LIFE -- AND DAY-DREAMING ABOUT VICTORY MADE HIM LOSE IT!

YOU SEE? YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO GET CARELESS UP HERE!

NOR DOWN HERE EITHER, HUH, COACH?

RIGHT! SOMETIMES WITHOUT REALIZING IT, YOUNG ATHLETES DO PERMANENT HARM TO THEIR FAST-GROWING FEET -- BY WEARING SHOES THAT HAVE BECOME TOO SMALL! YOU CAN PREVENT THIS BY KEEPING CHECK ON YOUR FOOT-GROWTH WITH YOUR OWN THOM MCAN "GRO-CHART".



YOU SEE, YOUR YOUNG FOOT-BONES DON'T "TELL" YOU IF THEY'RE BEING SQUEEZED OUT OF SHAPE BY OUTGROWN SHOES -- THEY'RE TOO SOFT TO "COMPLAIN." BUT YOUR THOM MCAN "GRO-CHART" WARNS YOU THE SCIENTIFIC WAY WHEN YOU NEED LARGER SHOES.

YOU GET THIS SCIENTIFIC PROTECTION ONLY WITH THOM MCAN SHOES. WITH EACH NEW PAIR YOU ARE GIVEN -- FREE -- YOUR OWN PERSONAL "GRO-CHART," SHOWING EXACTLY HOW MUCH "ROOM-TO-GROW" YOUR NEW THOM MCANS ALLOW. MEASURE YOUR FEET ON IT OFTEN. WHEN THEY GROW TO THE "DANGER-LINE," YOU NEED LARGER-SIZE THOM MCANS!



**Thom McAn**

502 STORES - IN 299 CITIES



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# Captain Tootsie

SAVES THE  
SCHOOL  
PARTY

C'MON, GANG! LET'S DROP INTO THE GYM AN' SEE HOW THE COOKING CLASS IS DOING WITH THEIR SET-UP FOR THE SCHOOL PARTY!

THAT'S RIGHT! THE SCHOOL GIVES OUT THE TEAM LETTERS TONIGHT, DOESN'T IT?

HI, KIDS! EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL?

OH, ROLLO, I WISH YOU'D LOOK IN THE KITCHEN AND TELL US IF WE'RE GOING TO HAVE ENOUGH ICE CREAM AND TOOTSIE ROLLS FOR EVERYBODY.

MEANWHILE, A STRICTLY UNOFFICIAL DELEGATION FROM THE RIVAL SCHOOL HAS ALSO VISITED THE GYM!

HEY! NOBODY'S WATCHIN' THE FOOD! NOW'S OUR CHANCE!



FOR THE PEP THAT WINS AWARDS, THE BEST CLUE I CAN GIVE YOU IS A CHEWY, CHOCOLATEY TOOTSIE ROLL. IT SENDS QUICK ENERGY SHOOTIN' TO YOUR MUSCLES. AN' IT SURE TASTES SWELL! M-M-M! IT'S TOOTSIE ROLLS FOR ME!

